

Our Boys and Girls

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.—There is need, pressing need for an expression of Christian charity in speech and act in our day when the enjoyment of personal ease seems to have reached such a frantic stage. The following story affords a lesson some portions of which may leave a lasting impression on the minds and hearts of our young readers.

Let us be careful how we condemn people. Often the warmest hearts beat under the roughest exteriors. A little kindness, a pathetic appeal, a word of cordial appreciation, will melt and soften the coldest and hardest heart. Thus it was with the seemingly gruff old gentleman whose tender feelings no one would have imagined could accompany his brusqueness of manner.

He was a stern-faced old man, and as he stomped down Lower Broadway, the little children ran out of his way for fear he would hit them with his big, thick cane as he passed. Not far from the Battery his eyes alighted on a little, pale-faced woman, who was walking toward him from an opposite direction.

There was a little girl about five years of age in her arms, and she staggered along under her heavy load with a weary expression on her face. The day was hot, and the perspiration streamed off her, while her slight figure contrasted strangely with the weight she bore. The man noted these facts as he walked along.

"What do you mean, madam," he said, "by carrying about a big girl like that and killing yourself by it? Let her walk by herself. Women are not made for sacrificing themselves for their children."

The woman halted as though shot, and staggered to a near-by railing for support. Then she sat down on some steps, while the old man prepared to continue his tirade.

She put up her hand beseechingly. "Don't," she said, "don't sir, I can't stand it, indeed I can't. My poor little one's a cripple."

The transition from anger to pity in the old man's face was wonderful to behold. He passed the back of his hand across his eyes and then in haste he asked the woman's pardon.

Four or five children on the street gazed wonderingly as they saw the well-dressed man talk for almost half an hour with the poor woman and her cripple child, but they did not see the shining coin he left in the woman's hand, nor hear the promise of further help before he went away.

ABOUT A DOG.—A large Newfoundland dog belonging to a physician gives evidence of the intelligence generally alleged of the canine race. He is the mail carrier for the household, and is deeply impressed with the confidence reposed in his fidelity in the performance of his duty. This fidelity seems to be recognized by his canine neighbors, and one of them, at least, has shown a mean disposition to take advantage of it, and to annoy the Newfoundland when thus engaged. This teasing poodle is of spotless white, belonging to a lady of means, who employs a colored servant, whose duty it is to give the poodle a daily bath and comb its hair. Gyp never attempted to molest the big Newfoundland when the latter was free to prevent it. Nor did he ever molest his giant neighbor but twice when he was carrying his master's mail. The first time the Newfoundland treated Gyp's jumping up and snapping at his tail with dignified contempt. This emboldened Gyp to repeat the indignity the next morning, as the Newfoundland was returning home with a large bundle of letters in his mouth.

The Newfoundland never paused on his errand. He laid the package of letters on his master's desk and then turned back in the direction of the post office. There was in his movements, as well as in his intelligent face, an air of quiet determination. But no one could guess his determination until he reached the place where Gyp was standing, fresh from his morning toilet. He then turned quickly, seized the spotless poodle by the neck, and carried it across the sidewalk to the gutter. There had been a rain the night before, and the gutter was filled with muddy water. The Newfoundland dipped the poodle into the dirty water twice, then deposited the mud-bedecked and humiliated dog upon the sidewalk and returned to his home quietly, without so much as a backward look at his victim.

A bystander was watching the entire proceeding and vouches for all the details, and for the dignity maintained by the Newfoundland, as he administered what he evidently believed to be necessary discipline. And

this witness' veracity is in no way impeached by his declaring that it seemed to him that the Newfoundland was positively laughing as it returned home.—Our Dumb Animals.

How to Spend Holidays

All play and no work will ruin any one. The strongest character could not stand a life of continued idleness. That Satan finds mischief for idle hands is only too true. Plenty of work is best for us all. We know it, too, even when we grumble about our hard lot. The happiest people are those whose time is filled with congenial tasks. But all work and no play, especially when it's just the work we can get and not what we like best, is bad for everybody. Not one of us is so strong in mind and body that we can afford to work continuously all the year around without a holiday. Aunt Bride knows positively that it's very poor economy to refrain from taking a vacation on the ground that you can't afford it. Failure to take a few days' rest may result in a break down that will cost the price of half a dozen outings. A vacation need not be expensive. It is not necessary to have a trunkful of new clothes, and board at a fashionable hotel. Indeed, that sort of holiday does more harm than good. Aunt Bride has met girls who worked hard eleven months in the year, apparently with the sole object of saving enough money to go and sit on the porch of a pretentious boarding house at a still more pretentious summer resort. What enjoyment there can be in sitting there hour after hour, only leaving to change their clothes and eat, is beyond me. Usually they overeat, and, not having exercise enough, to keep their digestive organs running smoothly, they feel out of sorts. Then their conversation consists in criticizing the place, the accommodations, the board, and the other guests. They are very foolish maidens. They would have been much wiser if they had put three-quarters of the money they had spent on clothes and their board, in the savings bank. With what was left they could have had a fortnight at a working girls' home or at a pleasant farm-house. Their old clothes would have been the proper thing, and they would have had a much better time. After such a vacation, spent in tramping, berrying, boating, bathing and simple loafing outdoors, they would go back to their work-shops with a new stock of energy, instead of feeling more tired than when they started, as they do after the summer hotel sort of holiday.

Change of scene is what you need most, a break in the monotony, something different from your everyday life. People grow peculiar and sometimes go insane not because of hard work, but because of the monotony of it. Housewives in the country very often lose their minds because of the never ending repetition of the same tasks over and over. A day or two away from home every two or three months would make all the difference in the world. Aunt Bride hopes her girls think of mother's need of a holiday occasionally. Daughters are sometimes thoughtless about such things. They take it quite as a matter of course that mother should stay at home and go on with the ever lasting cooking and baking and cleaning, while they are away having a good time. Mother may not care about going to a country boarding house, but she will be delighted and benefitted if her daughters take the house keeping off her hands now and then, and allow her to spend the day with an old friend or to go to the theatre or on a trolley trip with a neighbor. Girls ought to assist on their mothers having holidays occasionally. And mothers are foolish who don't insist on taking them. Children think more of their mother when she keeps up her interest in things and makes them consider her pleasure and comfort before their own. The mother who makes a drudge of herself, and who wears old shabby clothes in order that her girls may have fine raiment, will wake up one day to find that she has made them cruel and selfish. They are actually ashamed of her, and do not consider that she has done anything for them.—Aunt Bride in the Sacred Heart Review.

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SURPRISE

Death of a Prominent Religious

Almost coincident with the wonderfully successful jubilee celebration at the historic convent of Villa Maria came the sad news of the death of the gifted and beloved Mother St. Celestine, who for so many years was a very pillar of the house. She left her beloved Villa to become first Superior of the Convent of the Congregation de Notre Dame in New York, but her heart remained among the maples of Mount Royal, and after a few years of eminently successful administration of the new foundation, she returned to die there, where she had given her youthful years and of which she had been so long an ornament, and to which she was attached with the heart-warm loyalty and enthusiasm which she ever displayed towards the institute its religious and its old pupils. To many of them she is an irreparable loss. She was a friend on whom they leaned and of whom they sought counsel and sympathy. Her saintly perfection of life was a common theme even amongst the most thoughtful of her scholars, her justice, her rectitude, her exact and conscientious observance of the rule, her rare spirituality united with the highest mental gifts, made her as teacher of the French graduating class, for many years, a power for the highest good. Her face and figure, with its exquisite refinement, exalting piety as a rose exhales its fragrance, were so long familiar and will be sadly missed. She had entered into the preparations for the celebration of the jubilee with her customary wholeheartedness, and rallied apparently from an almost fatal illness to have a share in the festivities. Scarcely a fortnight later her obsequies were being performed in the Convent chapel. It seemed as if her gentle spirit had but lingered for the great event, which she had so ardently anticipated.

The news of her death has brought sorrow to many, but it has likewise left them persuaded that the pure and noble soul of their saintly teacher must have promptly winged its flight to the everlasting mansions of joy and peace. Still they will not neglect the duty of prayer for her, who to the last moment of her existence was so keenly interested in the spiritual and temporal welfare of all pupils of the Villa, old and new. The writer, in common with the other members of her family, who were her pupils, and those who were bound to her by ties of friendship merely, desire to put on record their abiding sense of grateful affection for her unvarying kindness during many years. They would lay upon her grave a wreath of affectionate remembrance, symbolical of the crown which they are persuaded is now hers in Paradise. To the Rev. Mother Superior of the Congregation as well as to the Superior and community of the Villa, and to a large circle of relatives prominent in French Canadian society, the sincerest condolence is tendered, in this severing of a beautiful link with the days that are gone.

A. T. S.

A REBUKE.

Speaking in support of an auxiliary fund for the support of Protestant Episcopal clergymen at a meeting held in the Metropolitan Hall, Abbey street, Dublin, recently, Mr. Justice Holmes sharply rebuked those critics who have been denouncing Irish Catholics for spending money on the erection of churches. He regretted the comments, he said, for he believed the contributors to such work were actuated by good motives. The Catholics loved their Church and loving their Church, they were prepared to make sacrifices for it. He

asked the members of the Protestant Church in Ireland, who were admittedly more wealthy than their Catholic brethren, to show a similar spirit of liberality.

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Society Directory

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiloran; President, W. P. Doyle; Recording Secy., Jno. P. Gunning, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Secy., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—Organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, P. Kenahan; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Secy., Robt. J. Hart.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Barry; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. O. McDonagh, 139 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Coogan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.—Continued

is one thing the father was to disappointment. Ally would voice, and his father would that he would use it on the ground in giving to the pious parts of the land the himself so strongly held; but by firmly believed them. He had other plans in view. He was going before the public was to win fame with his other way. He wished to stage. At nineteen his interrupted by the death of his mother, and brought up as he was, with no hope of any reward, the blow was one. Only the consolation in the companionship of his mother served to arouse his overwhelming grief. "There is no time," he said, "to be wasted on idle speculations, for to-day we are to-morrow we are gone for a few days after the sad funeral had been conducted, and he wanted to work with longer will than ever, toiling late. Now ambition is out to be rewarded, for he is engaged by the "Clintons." Now he is to make his first entrance in public with them, two days he is to leave this is his last day with his. As we come into his life he is entertaining her with plantation song she had in childhood. "How is that, mother?" he asked. "I had finished and laid to rest. I shall remember your song you have left me, my son. I wish you could accompany my travels, mother." "So do I, my boy; but a mother cannot expect to keep her son with her, and I must bear separation."

You are a noble woman, mother, how far I may travel, I shall not find your equal. St. Clair smiled. She used it, she was with the company, but she did not believe always think thus. He could speak he had changed, and was talking in glow of the bright life ahead, for he was fully determined for himself, if possible, the which would live for ages was gone.

And he carried down, my children to your great-grandchildren of his mother.

No, mine, but the posterity who shall know me." "Why not your own, my son?" "Because, mother, I never intend, and our family name shall live with my death."

Why, my boy, what has put such an idea into your head?" "Because if I marry, the woman of my wife must be dearer than all other created beings." "That is right, Allyn; it should with every one who is about to be a partner for life."

Yes, I am fully aware of it; but I am only one woman in the world whom I can say that I truly love."

And who is that, my boy? Is it not your own beloved mother?" "I am glad to hear that, mother. I have always felt for you, but I do not wish to be returned, but I do not wish to leave all myself."

Why not, mother? Is it not your duty to know that I really love you, but I look to the future of my son, and I should like to see him choose a suitable partner who can cheer his life after he is gone."

Do not speak of leaving me, mother, for you are still young, and shall spend many a happy day after I have won fame and glory."

Hope so, but life is such an uncertain thing, and such a mystery. I am almost tempted to believe that there is another world where we shall enjoy the company of those who are gone."

onsense, mother; you remind me of those superstitious churchgoers who are willing to suffer anything here in the hope of attaining happiness somewhere in the grave. What foolishness!